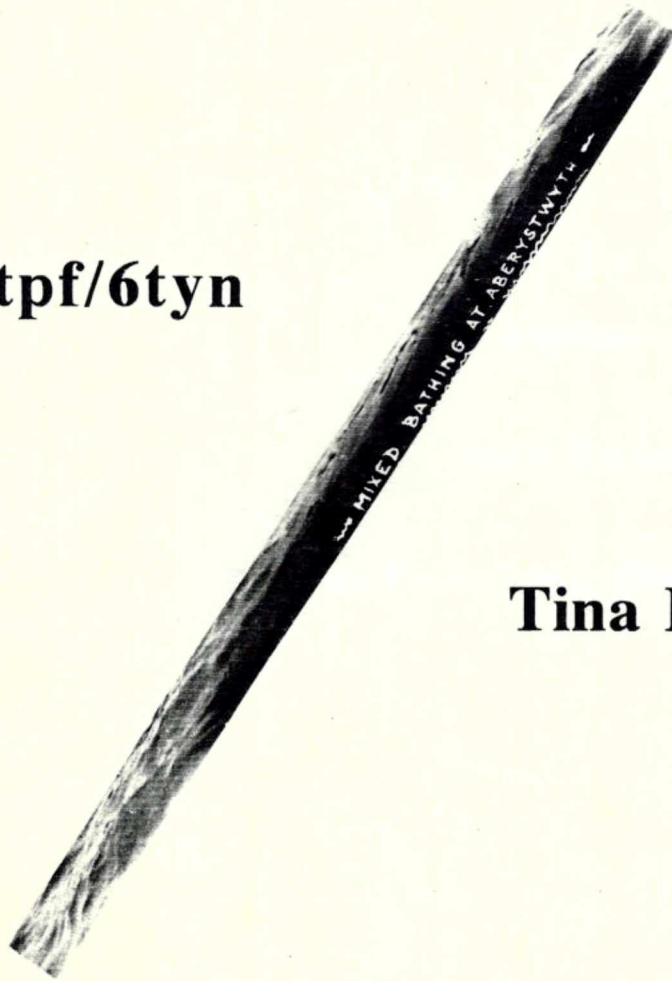


6tpf/6tyn



Tina Darragh

For Val & Tom -
A fanscape!

6tpf/6tyn

love,

Tina Darragh

Twice

10/11/97

Potes & Poets Press, Elmwood CT, 1997

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6 tpf/6tyn *

The TV program reminded me that travel really IS supposed to be an "enriching" experience -> on this particular show, everyone was doing extremely well financially, as in "interviewed-by-the-pool" wealthy, by marketing ideas they'd picked up while visiting "foreign lands". It is safe to assume that's not going to happen here. But there's nothing like being in a different country to shake out the words running around in your mind and spot them for checks ("defamiliarized _____*") <- thank you, Allen.

*historical note & copyright disclaimer

6tpf = The Six Towns Poetry Festival, The Potteries, UK. 6tyn = six thank you notes for our trip there in the fall of 1996. Originally, I wanted to call this project **Wiff/gffrC** which stands for Welsh International Film Festival/Gwyl Ffilm Ryngwladol Cymru, the second half being the Welsh language translation of the first. The festival was being held in Aberystwyth while we were there, and luminous green posters with **Wiff/gffrC** were everywhere. Not knowing right off what the acronym meant (or even that it was an acronym), it became the found sound for the trip.

Wiff/gffrC wind
Wiff/gffrC waves
Wiff/gffrC train tracks
Wiff/gffrC chips on my hands
Wiff/gffrC so many pints down

I emailed the Wiff/gffrC office asking for permission to name a poem in their honor. I didn't receive a response.

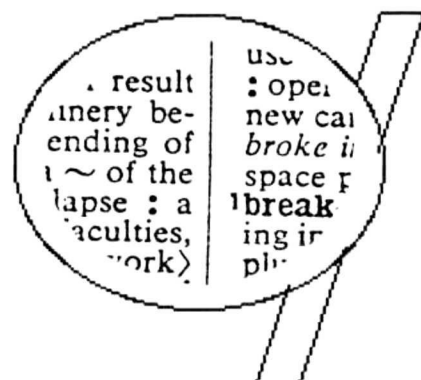
Ityn

Hannah Weiner suggested that P. and I be invited to read at 6tpf. She would have LOVED to have gone herself, and her work would have toppled the monarchy once and for all, but ill health prevented her from taking Nicholas Johnson up on his invitation. She was missed, and our readings fell far short of the wonder that is Hannah performing her work.

Hannah and the Penguin Hand Dream

Hannah was going to a poetry reading in a red leather snowsuit. It had not been snowing, but wherever she walked a white cloud went with her and kept cars away. I had seen her in a red leather jacket once, and asked her how she turned that into a snowsuit with a hood, face mask, and boots. At first she didn't want to tell me, but then she remembered walking out into a traffic jam with only me and an umbrella. "Have you ever seen a penguin hand?", she asked me. I knew then that whenever she wore her snowsuit she was a penguin, and that I didn't have to worry about her in the cold.

penguin hand



*better than
an
umbrella*

2tyn

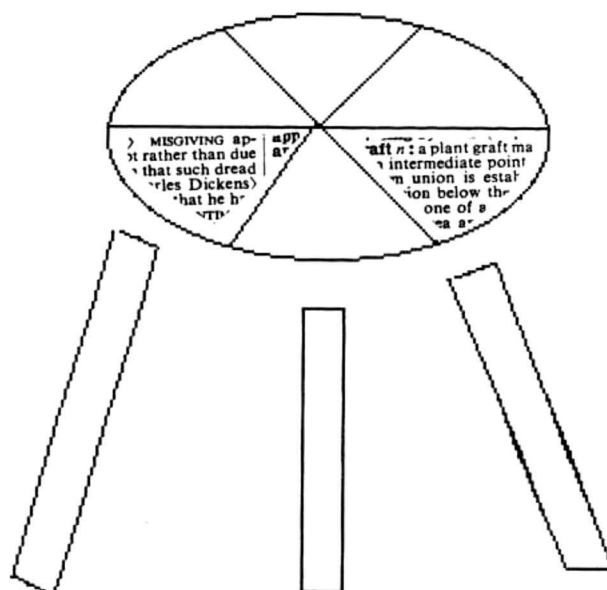
Our thanks to Nicholas Johnson for doing the impossible - an international poetry festival that does not depend on academic/corporate sponsorship but rather on the collective efforts of the community. He shares this vision with the Beavers, a group of local artists, writers, and musicians who periodically join forces and resources to go to Bosnia to produce plays with the children there. We were humbled by their efforts, and continue to be inspired by their work.

Beavers Dream of Monticello

for Nicholas Johnson, Robert Palmer, Susan
Clark, Peter Wilcox, and Michaela Fryson

Nicholas was talking about how to get light into a beaver lodge. He had built one with rows of stairs going up to oval windows that were criss-crossed with logs. I told him that the windows reminded me of Thomas Jefferson's house at Monticello. Nicholas put up two fingers in the V for Victory sign, and then made an upside down V with his thumb between to act as an A as in VA. "I know all your state abbreviations!", he said. Then I realized that his oval windows spelled out VA, and that he'd been thinking of Jefferson all along.

beaver lodge w/light



3tyn

It was thanks to Allen Fisher's work back in the '70s that I first questioned notions of place and landscape. We were standing around 6tpf waiting for a reading to start when up walked Allen! He was there! I couldn't believe I was getting to meet him!! Plus, he was slated to introduce various readers. He would weave the introductions instead of delivering them, his body a question mark on the stage. Before he left, he mentioned that there still might be an Indian restaurant at the tip of a pier at Aberystwyth. We could see it from our room there, the lights from inside mixing with the signs for the other attractions on the pier.

For Allen Fisher

Wham, Bam, Thank You [for] Scram

or

debone a landscape if ordered to scout up
reprieve

or

read the streets before signing the
slight of her frames

or

count west until anonymous rooms
number three

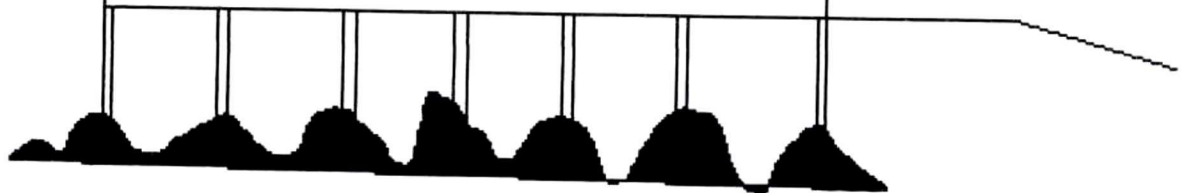
or

kerchief slowly for full frontal
profundity

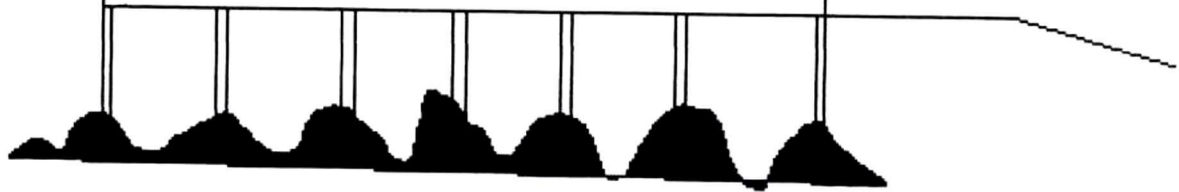
or

drape the globe if a breast lap acts
as a skull

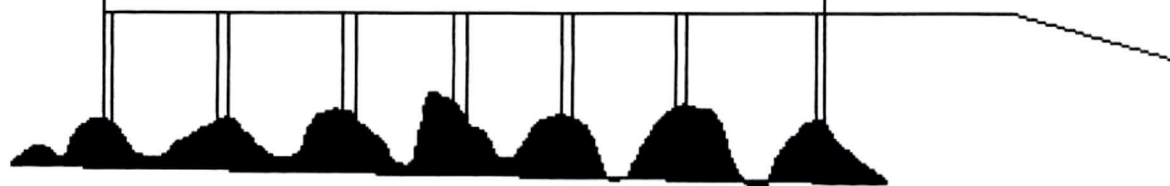
something of water LME
slope water events
directions, etc.

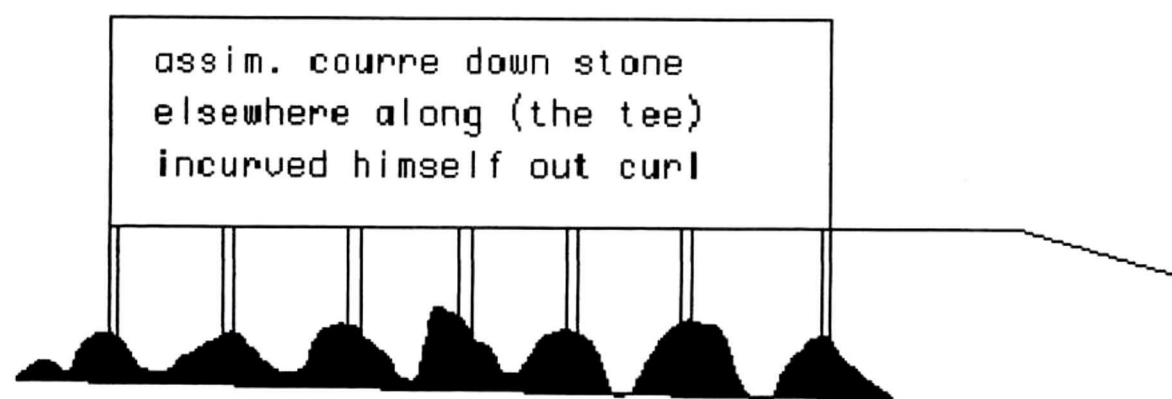


that current high the history
earlier see killed the curry
hair soaking below with win



CORACLE made material canvas
black larva current of current
woodland flowing for used arch





4tyn

All the other readers were amazing individually, and in their collective sweep. P. and I started out feeling pretty shy, not knowing if we'd be accepted or not. But there's nothing like an evening of drinking like you're 20 again to make you feel a part of the gang!

Tempest in a Handi-Bus

for Geraldine Monk and Maggie O'Sullivan

The pubs were closed after the reading let out, so a bunch of us went back to the home where we were staying and raided the refrigerator. The kitchen conversation centered on how many middle-aged people would be sleeping on the floor that night and how much whiskey they would consume to make the lack of a mattress irrelevant. This discussion of deprivation reminded the group of a reading from the night before. "Tina, don't you think *that* poet is SUCH a wanker?", I was asked. Not being able to tell the difference between the maligned poet's tales of woe and other apocalyptic anecdotes I'd been hearing, I tried to blank through the discussion by asking back "What's a wanker?"

"WHAT'S a WANKER? WHATTTTTTS a
Waaaaanker? WHwhWHaaaa ts a
wanwanwankkkkker?!!!!"

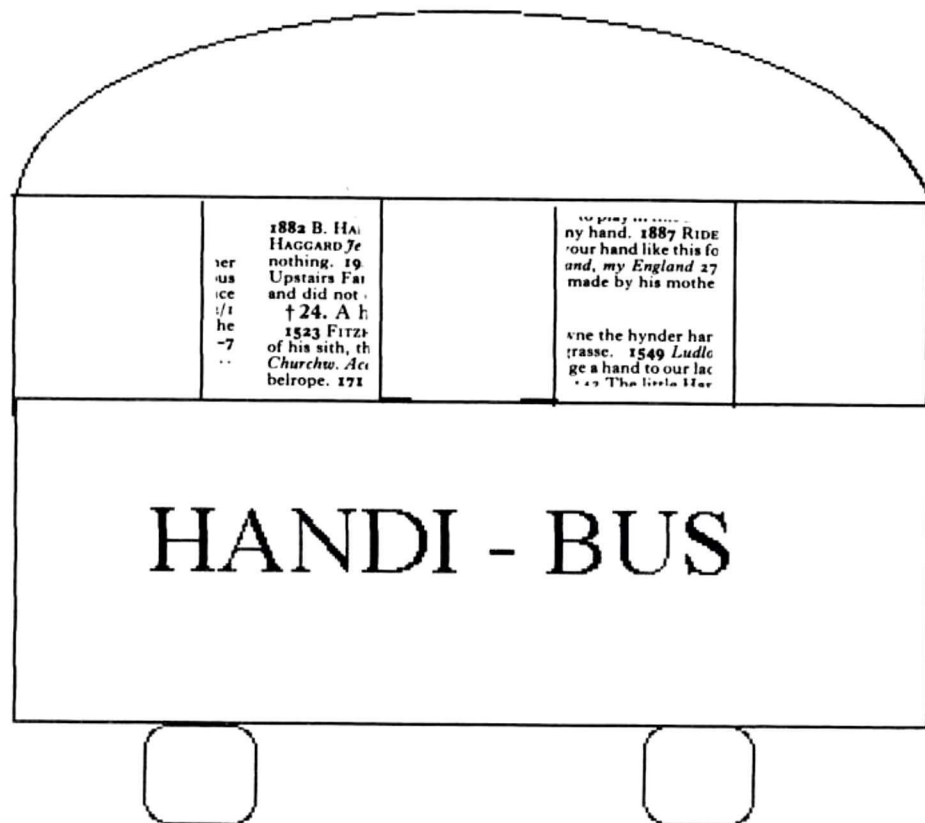
you disingenuous....

dis-engine you woose
diss regen your smush
dish his swen you toosh

cut the dictionoose
spare the reparuse

go to swell gal's snare 'cause
you've got Ronald Reagan hair &
your mum sucks Tupperware

put a bag over all your fuss &
get out of town on the Handi-Bus



5tyn

Tom and Val Raworth invited us to come to Cambridge before we left. We were thankful for a chance just to sit and talk about poetry and food and Wales and food and poetry and drink and music and food in someone's home before we braved the wilds of Islandic Air once more.

Retablo? No! (can't find the word)

(for Tom and Val Raworth,
and her uncle in Swansea)

this tale is not told to elicit pity
but to delay everyone -
especially the photographer

landscape - visual receipt
our hedge against future dangers

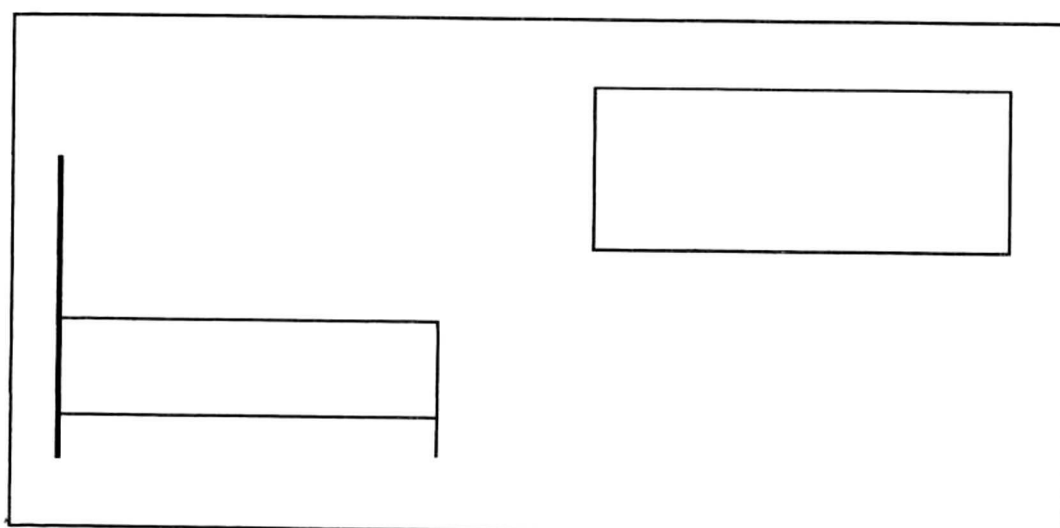
we can be dispossessed only once

landscape now their theme park

you [SEE] WE are different from YOU
though we're really invisible so
the Money continues to go
to the common grounds Ltd/Co.
which ensures WE will pay to [SEE] YOU

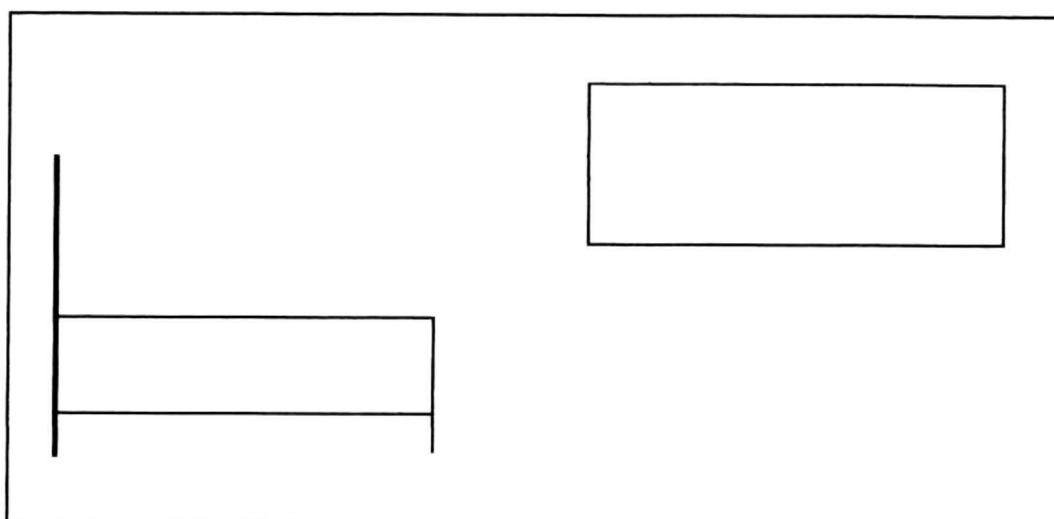
(P.S: can you come for a visit anyway? we miss you[YOU]you)

FRIEDA



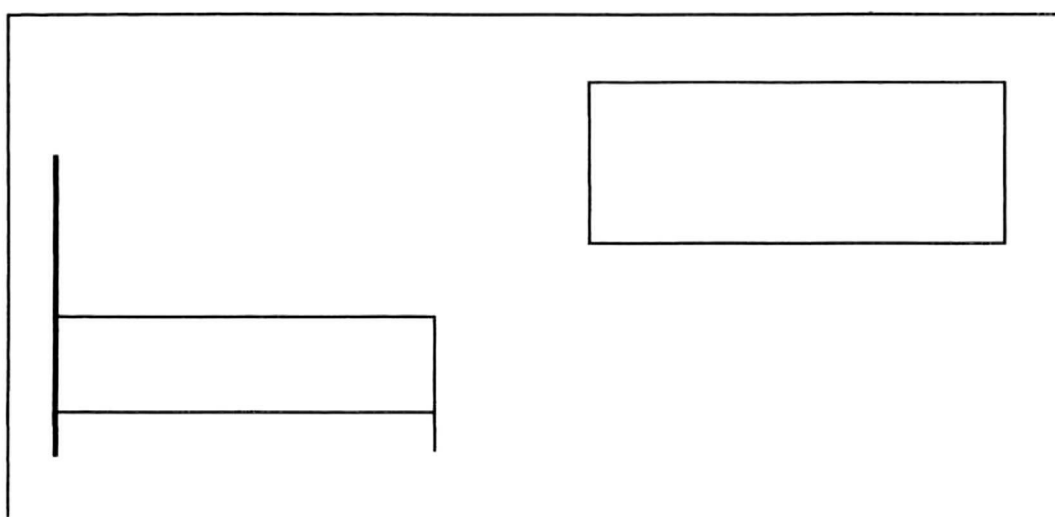
*what shall we say to swipe
inside our share of quell
or sleeve our well of sight
unseen before the hind of
might*

FRIDA



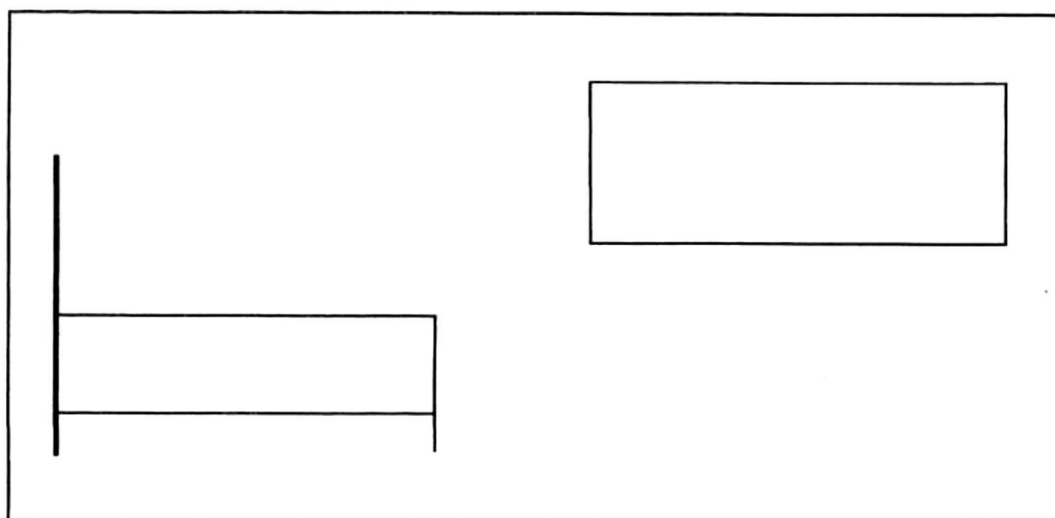
*there is no recompense that
folds fire into knoll around
us - the siren we conceive
befalls the sizzle sold to
notch our harkness*

FRIEDA



*not that we tend out care to
let us bear the rush of debt
that breams us past our prime
instead we snare the rate
with which we quend our creed*

FRIEDA



*and calamata long the wind
until our carta slips the lot
so we can spot the short
shrift curl that threads our
stairway into sight*

6tyn

We thought about Doug Lang the whole time we were in the UK. Many of the poets who read at the festival - Ed Dorn, Lee Harwood, Tom Leonard, Tom Pickard - were ones I'd first heard about from Doug when, as a student, I stayed at his London flat for a few days in '72. He came to DC soon thereafter with that frame of voices with him. His apartment in DC was a small press library from heaven, and the readings he sponsored were more open and intelligent than any academic series. But the thing I will never forget was how he refused to let us be isolated in the suburbs when we had a young child and no money. Once he rented a car and bought expensive concert tickets for us so we could go with a bunch of other poets to hear Dylan. It was a time in our lives when we needed someone to come to get us, and I will never forget it.

Doug Lang's Landscape

ALL the names
bling
visualized
from
fire-hand

It
clived
synthetic
century

Kant
no
unbounded
production
to
painters,
origins,
Bacon
scattered
(fig. 131)

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